

# The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, 25 to 27 PARK ROW, New York.  
Entered as Second-Class Matter, March 1, 1879, under Post Office No. 100, New York, Post Office No. 100, New York.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1900.

VOL. 40.....NO. 14,071

## DAILY HINT FROM M'DOUGALL.



Gee! That hat has been blown off, but the hat still remains.

## GRAND JURY TO THE FRONT!

THE Third Avenue Railroad Company's lines form the longest artery in New York's transit system.

There is no question that the patronage is sufficient to assure them a splendid prosperity if good business is allowed to prevail over bad politics.

But, as The Evening World has shown, the Third Avenue property has been raided by political blackmailers. The company treasury has been emptied, the stock has been forced down, the management is threatened with chaos.

There is here an imperative call for the Grand Jury to conduct a prompt and full inquiry, regardless of what may yet happen in the stock market.

## LET MARRIAGE STILL BE FREE.

ON basis is afforded by the experience of any State for the assumption that a wedding license law serves either to decrease the number of ill-judged marriages or to lessen the evil of divorce.

On the other hand, a strict marriage license law has many times revealed itself as an obstacle to the consummation of unions founded on the truest love and best of judgment.

Why add to the lot of foolish laws another measure which promises rather to introduce new troubles than to relieve old ones?

## FLAG FOLLOWS DIAMONDS.

WHILE Cronje of the great heart was confronting inevitable surrender after a glorious defense on the Modder River, Rhodes of the great greed was gloatingly reporting the \$10,000,000 dividend of his diamond monopoly at Kimberley.

In this single paragraph we make coincident record of the hero of the South African war, the beneficiary of that war and the moving cause of the struggle.

We wonder that, out of his full stomach and full purse, the British "Colossus" paid tribute to the flag of the Queen as "the greatest commercial asset in the world."

## WHEN MAY DOCTORS GIVE UP?

PROBABLY it is true that the Christian Scientists who failed to save little Grace Clarke, of Jersey City, after the regular physicians had given the patient up, cannot properly be held responsible for the child's death.

But what is to be said of the doctors who dropped aside and let disease do its uninterrupted work?

The fact that the little sufferer survived five days after the doctors ceased to attend her will suggest to many minds that some possibilities still remained in the case to medical science and skill. Also, inquiry is suggested as to the point at which reputable physicians may justifiably desert a still living patient.

## LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

### What Shall Be Done with the Bachelor?

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WHAT should be done with the bachelors? That is the query which a dozen notes—sent in one envelope—ask me.

I would answer, and in good faith: Make yourselves so charming, my dears, that the bachelors cannot resist the desire to win and wed you.

The bachelor's life is not one to be envied, by any manner of means. He sails along smoothly enough when the sails of his craft are fitted out with greenbacks and it is sunny weather, and when youth and health and strength are his.

He may be courted for his money by relatives, friends and acquaintances alike. The former ask after his health most anxiously, wondering, while, how much longer he is to last, and keep them out of his fortune. The nephews and nieces have long since been calculating what they will "do with old uncle's money when he dies. But, dear me! It almost looks as though he be determined to last forever, for pure spite," they mentally add.

The friends whom he counts on would drop off like dead leaves in Autumn if his wealth were to take wings, and there would not be one among them who would offer him a corner at their fireside. His acquaintances would not think of him or regret his absence from among them a day after he has been taken to his last home.

He may sicken or die in a hotel or a garret, but none about him care how long the struggle lasts; his death or recovery are of equal indifference to them.

He never knows until that dread hour faces him how much he misses by not having wife and children about him—human beings to whom his life is dearer by far than all the wealth the world holds.

Heaven pity the bachelor who has led such a mispent life as to leave himself a prey to such desolation at the last!

Is it on the sickbed that a bachelor always realizes this. There is no loving, patient wife to smooth his fevered pillow, hold his trembling hand and whisper words of hope and affection, and encourage him to make a valiant struggle for life for her sake, and for the sake of the children who love him so dearly.

Aye! And for their sake he rallies, and takes a new, desperate hold on life, and pulls through, and lives, to be cherished anew by those who so fondly love him, and whom he loves.

The relatives of rich bachelors have much to answer for in encouraging them to remain single. They have everything to hope for if he does not wed, and a fortune to lose if he weds.

What are his comforts or discomforts to them in comparison to this?

They laugh at and caricature the noble women whom he may express the slightest regard for, take care to point out their defects (if they have any), and carefully hide from him their virtues.

To express my earnest views with all candor upon the subject, I repeat: It is designing relatives nine times out of ten who deter well-to-do bachelors from taking unto themselves wives.

The wonder to me is, that these misguided men do not see it ere it is too late to remedy their desperate existence.

Every man should marry and have a home to know what real happiness in this cold world really means.

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## THE FUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.

### ELECTRICITY TO HIS RESCUE. DOES THIS BOER YOU?



"What's that! As I live it's the step of the Sheriff on the stairs, coming to attach my furniture again."



"But I'm prepared for him this time! He won't get any more of my things if this invention of mine works right."



"I'm sorry to disappoint you, officer. What you see here isn't worth levying upon."

### NOT A POLITE CRITIC.



"Baby Elephant (to its mamma)—So it is true, mamma, that the elephants are afraid of mice? Then I suppose they clamber upon the chairs when they see a mouse?—Megendorfer Blatter."



"She—Why is it that at the piano I forget everything else? He—Quite natural, but don't you think you ought to think just a little of—your listener?—Megendorfer Blatter."

### THIS IS FUNNY "ZIM."



A thousand times you have laughed at the picture jokes of "Zim," these infamously funny sketches or cartoons of the funny Irishman, African, cowboy or zoologic specimen. This artist has been laying the fruit of his busy crayon before you for fifteen years. Did you ever think of his personality? The camera and the engraver show you above just how he sometimes looks at work. The picture is printed by permission of the Judge Publishing Company.

Eugene Zimmerman is the artist's full name. It doesn't sound funny. "Zim" home is in Harrodsburg and his first pictures were made in frosting on the cakes of a Paterson baker for whom he worked. Later he painted signs. There are a Mrs. "Zim" and little "Zims" of whom the artist is exceedingly fond.

And how many reflections! The Bible Society of England gave 25,000 copies of the New Testament and the Painter to South African troops.

### RECENT ARRIVALS FROM PARIS.



The group of untrimmed shapes shown in the illustration is just from Paris, and represents a few models that undoubtedly will have wide vogue. The most marked favor will be shown the shapes that were worn in the Directorate days and the time of the First Empire. Therefore, No. 1, the Empire, and No. 2, the Empire, and No. 3 the Empire, and No. 4 the Boer.

Any and all of these shapes when trimmed make most attractive and stylish frocks, with the Boer shape the most becoming and perhaps the most elegant.

## GEORGIE'S PA

### TALKS OF "ONNER."



"Paw, paw at when we got to eating Brockfast yesterday, "why are they trying to put Sumbuddy out of the Senate and making so much fuss about it today?" "It's a narrow case," paw said. "What show are they going to be pretty soon for a man that wants to get onner and pays all they ask for it, if they go to taking it away from him afterwards? You see a man starts out in life getting to be a millionaire, and he keeps so busy doing it that he hasent any time to waste learning much about grammar or making speeches, but the first thing you no he wakes up some morning and says to his wife: "Now Im fifty years old and have aifty million dollars, but What's the Good? I aint ever been onnered by my fello Citizans. If they would Elect me to the Senat, when I die congress Would a Turn over Sumbuddy to She its Respect. That's sumthing worth living for. So I gess Ill go over to the Capitole this morning and see if I cant hire the legislacler to onner me. I can spare the munny as Well as not, and mubby sum of the Poor fellows mite need it enny way. What I want most in life is Onner. Without onner I never can go to My grave happy. Munny is good to have around, but if you have it and onner, too, you go in Better society. When the Legislacler elects a man to the senut it shows he is The state's favort Son. It shows He is a man the People luv to onner, and everybuddy Puts their trust in Him. So I gess Ill go Over and By up the Crowd that wants to Vote for other people and get to be onnered. Its a nobul thing to feel Down in Your hart that the people put their well fair and a chance to Get on the inside when the shugger market is Going to go up in your hands and the Crown of onner on your brow, and Being I have the munny to Spair I mite as well be the One to Have all this Glory!" "Yes," maw anserd, "but they cant prove enny munny was paid to Get votes." "I no it," paw Told her. "A Senatir is too Nobul to De Stuch a thing. What would onner amount to if you had to Go and by it like you would sausage at a meat Market? No! the men that Was Doing the voting Spurred the offer, and some of them Sed they new How they could Lose a few Hundred thousand around where the people that wouldnt take Bribes could find it. So pritty soon they began to think he was the state's favort son, and he Got onnered." "Well," maw sed, "I dont see much difference between getting onner That way and paying for it rite Out by the yard or pound or which Ever way it comes." "I dont s'pose you do," paw says. "That's the trouble with Wimmen. They cant see these fine points Like the men we Hire to make laws with Loup holes in them. So that's why I say wimmen wont Ever stand enny ann in politicks till they Learn a few lessons from those that got onnered without being out at it." GEORGIE, in Chicago Times-Herald."



"He-I see they've koppered Cronje. She-I suppose the British think his capture fills a long-veldt want."

### IN CHILDHOOD'S DAYS.



"Baby Elephant (to its mamma)—So it is true, mamma, that the elephants are afraid of mice? Then I suppose they clamber upon the chairs when they see a mouse?—Megendorfer Blatter."



"She—Why is it that at the piano I forget everything else? He—Quite natural, but don't you think you ought to think just a little of—your listener?—Megendorfer Blatter."

### THE MODERN CHILD.



"Left-handed parties are one of the latest fads. Guests are requested to come with their right hand securely bound up. They must register their names, play the piano, make all gestures and eat with the assistance of the left hand."

### WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

HERE are some of the things a boy can do: He can whistle so loud the air turns blue. He can make the sounds of beast and of bird. And a thousand noises no one ever heard. He can crew and cackle, and also cluck. Just like a rooster, a hen or a duck. He can bark like a dog, low like a cow, and eat itself out 'till he's "me-ow."

He can roar and puff like a railway train, whistle down brakes—then be off again; And with the wood powers his command. He can make of himself a full brass band. And with all the instruments ever played. He is the whole show and a street parade. It's a pretty sure sign that a boy is ill if he's wide awake and is perfectly still. But earth would be minus half of its joys And a dreary old place were there no boys.

### LEFT-HANDED PARTIES A FAD.

Left-handed parties are one of the latest fads. Guests are requested to come with their right hand securely bound up. They must register their names, play the piano, make all gestures and eat with the assistance of the left hand.

### LET MARY JOHNSON.

To Miss Mary Johnston, a Southern girl, belongs the credit of having written two of the clearest colonial novels on record. Her first book, "Frisson of Hope," is placed by many critics ahead of "Richard Carvel" and "Justice Meredith." Her second novel, "To Have and to Hold," has had an advance sale of \$1,000 copies. Miss Johnston came of an old colonial family and is related to Gen. J. M. Johnston, of the Confederate army. She lives at present in Alabama.

### YOU MAY HAVE WONDERED THIS.

A woman's desk may be provided with the daintiest of silver and mother-of-pearl envelope openers, but she generally prefers to open her letters with a hairpin or her index finger.

### ENIGMATIC.

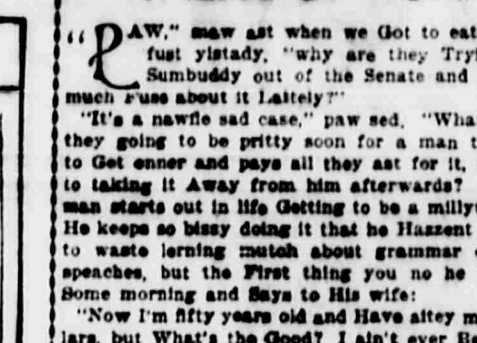
Roggy—What is blue, Miss Daisy? Miss Daisy—You ought to know, dear boy. Roggy—Me? Well, why? Miss Daisy—Because "ignorance is blue."

### ONE GRAND NOSE.

John Brown says his nose grows rapidly in any position.

## THE DAY'S LOVE STORY.

### A GIRL'S WHIM.



"LITTLE town, accustomed to its own mode of life and its own people, would naturally be surprised that any stranger should come among them to live."

So when Miss Mary Brown and her aunt took a quiet little cottage on one of the quietest streets the good people wondered who they were and why they had come there. Miss Brown did dreammaking, and soon became popular. She obtained the patronage of the wealthier people of the town, and among them were the daughters of Judge Vernon.

One evening as Mary sat sewing with her aunt some one knocked at her door. On opening it a tall young man said: "I have come for my sister's dress."

Mr. Jack Vernon was a little surprised at the beauty and evident refinement of the little dressmaker, and inquired of his sisters concerning her. But they were not interested in her, and merely said: "She is only Miss Brown, the dressmaker; no one knows anything about her," and dropped the subject.

Not so with Jack. He obtained an introduction to Miss Brown, and met her continually. As the summer passed he grew to love her with all the fervor of his nature.

One evening as they sat in her little parlor he told her of his love for her, and learned she was loved in return. As they happily planned for the future Mary suddenly grew grave.

"What will your family say at your marrying a poor dressmaker?" she asked.

Jack reluctantly confessed that his father had other plans for him, and wished him to marry a Miss Marjorie North, an heiress, and daughter of one of his friends. "But," said he, "I wish no society woman for my wife. They are spoiled by the fathers they receive, and are mere butterflies. I am sure Marjorie North is cold and thinks only of making a brilliant marriage. I am satisfied with my little dressmaker sweetheart."

Miss Brown's eyes shone mischievously as she told him she must go to the city to prepare for her marriage, and gave him an address at which to call on her in a week.

A week later the mansion belonging to Marjorie North was ablaze with light. Carriages hurried to and fro, and handsomely dressed women alight from them and ascend the broad stairs.

Marjorie looks anxiously through the handsome rooms, till at last she stands before Jack Vernon. "Mary!" he exclaims.

"Not Mary—but Marjorie North," she answers as they go toward the conservatory.

"And I don't believe your father will object to the dressmaker, will he?" she adds gayly.

### LETTERS TO THE EVENING WORLD.

Says Sky Glean Was Firelight.

To the Editor of The Evening World: A correspondent asks what was the cause of the "mysterious light" in the southern part of the sky on the evening of the 16th day of February? The mysterious "fiery cross" was due to a big fire which destroyed the large dancing pavilion at Ulmer Park, South Benninghurst. J. P. R. Fort Hamilton, N. Y.

What Can an Unpopular Girl Do?

To the Editor of The Evening World: I am a very unpopular girl as far as fellows are concerned. I have tried jollying them, but it doesn't seem to take. So any one would help me a great deal by giving me a little advice on this matter. PHYLLIS.

To Pay the Spiritual Piper.

To the Editor of The Evening World: If Mrs. Piper picked a peck of chamomile, And hid them in Prof. Hynlop's hair, And if Prof. Hynlop says she never touched him, But that disembodied spirits put 'em there; If they began to think him daffy at Columbia, And he lost his job because he had been taken Why wouldn't it be a pretty peck of trouble That Mrs. Leonard Piper picked? C. Boston, Mass.

Peep's Latest Follow-up.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Once upon a winter evening, Set a post who was drowsy, In his lamp, snuffed a half hour, That just happened as it were. Anxiously the vigil kept, Never for a moment sleeping, For the lovely snow he's waiting. Emory, he does implore: "Will the snowflake soon be falling?" Emory he does implore. Echo answers "Nevermore." C. R. FARR.

For Commemorative to Founder Over.

To the Editor of The Evening World: The price of a country house is \$750. I am to pay down \$100 in cash, balance (\$2,000) at 5 per cent. Now many years and months will it take me to pay off, \$200 principal of the \$2,000, payable monthly at 5 per cent, including principal and interest? The owner will then give me a deed subject to a mortgage of \$750 at 5 per cent. Will readers figure this out? H. G. A.

A Great Stepmother.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Three years ago my mother died and I was left alone in the world. In a short time my father remarried, and I was treated very cruelly by a stepmother. I had to leave school and look for work. After I found work I left my father's house and live with strangers and am very happy. Will readers tell me if I acted wisely? A. E.

Praise and Encouragement.

To the Editor of The Evening World: A young man complains at having to support his aged father and his sister on his \$15 salary. "Honesty father and thy mother," etc., is to me the most impressive commandment, and to take care of and educate a sister is one of the noblest duties a brother can perform. Somewhere there is a silver lining, and how much more you will be capable of enjoying the sunny rays of this life, instead of having your mind darkened by a gloomy future. A noble sentiment.

INCORRECT CONDUCT.

"That palm reader said he had the most unbounded faith in my future." "Well!" "Then he made me plunk down \$1 in advance."

ONE GRAND NOSE.

John Brown says his nose grows rapidly in any position.